THE FIRST OFFERING.

ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY—THE FIRST OBSERVANCE.

Gen. Logan's Order Establishing Decoration Day—Impressive and Touching Scenes at Arlington Nearly a Quarter of a Century Ago—The Ceremonies of 1868 and 1869.

Gen. Logan's Order.

IN the spring of 1868, three years after the close of the war, and by the time the people were just getting well settled into their new avocations and had time to cast a thought backward to the troublous days of the past, some one suggested that it would be nice to hold a national memorial day in honor of the Union dead. The idea met with spontaneous approval, and seemed to touch a popular chord of sympathy in the hearts of the people north of Mason and Dixon's line.

It required only a short agitation to bring the matter to a focus, which was accomplished by the following order sent out from Washington:

HEADQ'RS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
446 FOURTEENTH STREET,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1868.

General Orders No. 11.

1. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, hamlet and churchyard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will, in their own way, arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances will permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united together to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of a rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated taste and wealth of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided republic.

If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts grow cold in the solemn trust, ours keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldiers and sailors' widow and orphan.

2. It is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance, with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

3. Department commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By order of JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-chief.

Official: N. P. CHIPMAN,
Adjutant General.

As a result of this initial movement the loyal people in twenty-seven States and at 183 burying places met on May 30 and conducted the first memorial service to the Union dead. Such was the elevating character of this solemn demonstration that Congress determined to have the proceedings of the meeting collected and bound. This is the origin of Decoration day, which, since 1868, has annually been observed in the United States.

Probably at no other place in the country on this first Decoration Day were the ceremonies more touching and imposing than at the national cemetery at Arlington Heights, near Washington city, where are buried 22,000 Union soldiers. The services were conducted entirely under the auspices of the Department of the Potomac, Grand Army of the Republic, with the co-operation of the public authorities displaying itself in military array and contributions of flowers.

The exercises were opened at 1 o'clock in front of the Arlington mansion by Mr. W. T. Collins, who read Gen. Logan's order designating this day as a memorial day. Rev. Byron Sunderland offered a prayer, after which a hymn was sung. General James A. Garfield was then introduced and delivered an eloquent and impressive address. The assemblage then sang a patriotic song and listened to the reading of an original poem by Mr. J. C. Smith. As the Forty-fourth Infantry Band played a dirge the procession formed and marched around the gardens south of the mansion, the children from the Soldiers and Sailors' Orphan Asylum strewing flowers upon the graves as they passed. The procession halted at the tomb of the unknown dead and a fervent prayer was offered by Rev. J. G. Butler, followed by the singing of an appropriate chorus by the Arion Club. The tomb was decorated and the procession marched to the flag stand at the principal cemetery, where the ceremonies were opened with prayer by the Rev. Chas. V. Kelley, of Chicago.

Mr. Holbert C. Paine, of Wisconsin, read the dedicatory address delivered at Gettysburg by President Lincoln. After the reading of the address the graves throughout the cemetery were decorated.

In the following year still more extensive preparations were made for observing Decoration Day. In thirty-one States and in 336 towns and cities the day was observed with impressive ceremonies.

FRIENDS AT LAST.

How Some Brothers Reunited at a Memorial Day Assemblage.

Some years ago, at a Memorial Day assemblage in one of the Northern [illegible], after the ceremonies were over and the [illegible] was commencing to break up, two men came face to face near the graves that had been covered with the [illegible]. They stood transfixed, then one held out his hand to the other.

"Jim," he said, "I've never stopped looking for you since the war."

The other man never spoke, but kept looking him steadily in the eye.

"Jim," again commenced the one who had spoken, "the war has kept us long enough apart; let us be friends again—brothers once more."

A crowd had gathered, attracted by the scene, and one of the bystanders who knew the speaker said:

"What's the matter, Leonard? Is that the brother you have been tellin' about?"

Leonard nodded.

"And he won't make up with you now?"

"No; I suppose he can't forget," and Leonard looked sadly at his brother, who was turning to leave him.

"Hold on, stranger," called the bystander, and the departing man turned around. "I want to give you a pointer," continued he; "this brother of yours has been my friend since the war, and if he did fight on the rebel side, that's nothing against him now; come with me a minute," and taking his arm, he led him back to the graves and showed him the name on one of them.

"There," he said, "your brother could forgive him, and every year he comes here and puts flowers on his grave, and yet that man, when your brother tried to escape when he was taken prisoner, fired the shot that cost him his leg; he acted up to his convictions and so did your brother. Now what are yours—can you go away without making friends?

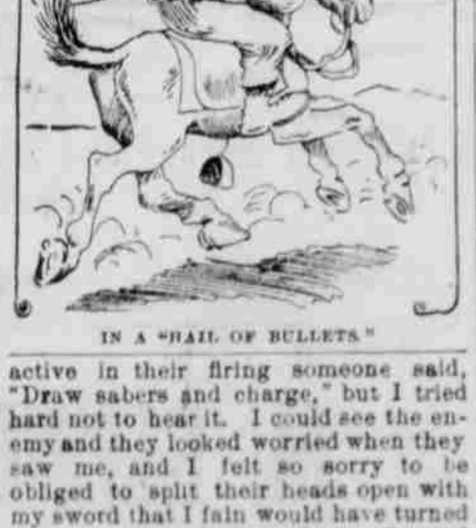
"Remember," he added with a smile, "there isn't as much of him to forgive as when he made the mistake of taking the wrong side, and remember, too," he added, taking off his hat, "what's left mayn't be here to forgive when you make up your mind you want to."

There was a moment's pause, and then a cheer went up as the brothers turned away together.

FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE.

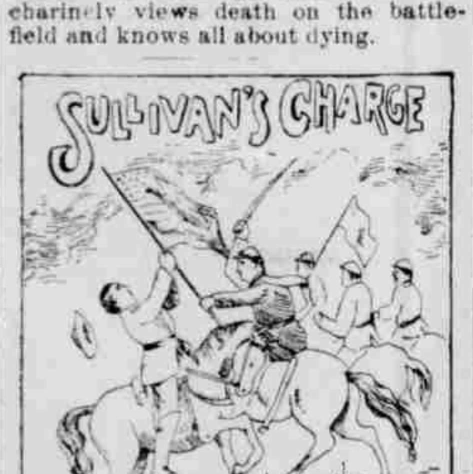
Impressions of a Soldier Graphically Told by Himself.

I am requested, however, to write my impressions of a soldier under fire for the first time, says a writer in an exchange. Those who remember the pallid hue of the enemy at that time doubtless would kindly advise silence on my part, but I'm not under oath at present, neither are there many witnesses living to dispute my flight—of fancy as I place myself in battle array and wait for the skulking enemy to advance and get shot (I sell that article by the pound). How one feels under fire for the first time is not a pleasant thing to recount. I have a dim, hazy recollection that for about a half-hour preceding that time I was not bereft of sensation, although my blood was frozen, and I experienced the same feeling a boy does who knows there's a licking due from his paternal ancestor and that party has a record for keeping his work. I have never experienced the sensation of a man being tied down upon a railroad track with the cannon ball express due in three seconds, and no succor to help the sucker on the track, but I presume the feelings of a person under such unfavorable conditions are similar to a man under fire for the first time. I remember that I was a sickly, sentimental boy at that time, with my head full of such expressions as "'Tis sweet, oh, 'tis sweet for one's country to die," "Fire when you see the whites of their eyes," "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," "Pro bono publico, vox populi, vox Dei" and other well-known expressions of war heroes. Somehow, on the eve battle, I failed to remember any of these, but I did think of "Home, Sweet Home," and how I used to sit in the gloaming of the back woodshed, while my mother shook the fleas out of my wardrobe. The first feeling that felt of me real hard, when the enemy learned that I was trying to keep in front of them, was a desire to assist the noble hospital stewards at the rear and lend my advice and knowledge of military operations to the war correspondents and other non-combatants. In fact, I had half-consented to allow myself a furlough, when I discovered that I had hesitated too long and there was as much danger in running away as to remain and be a first-class hero or a bullet-riddled corpse—I had no real facts at hand to state which. I think I smiled a sickly smile at my comrades and tried to push my hair down and break the icicle that had formed along my spine. When the enemy became somewhat



IN A "HAIL OF BULLETS."

active in their firing someone said, "Draw sabers and charge," but I tried hard not to hear it. I could see the enemy and they looked worried when they saw me, and I felt so sorry to be obliged to split their heads open with my sword that I fain would have turned back without molesting them. Several men who started with me had turned back, and a few had stopped short and were no longer in it. One rude thing that shocked my young nerves was the carelessness of the enemy, especially the artillery, in aiming their weapons. A man about No. 3 from me was hit in the bosom with a shell. Of course, this wasn't edifying to a young soldier under fire for the first time, but after the battle was over, and we were safe out of the enemy's reach, one man, who had never been in a battle, said that wasn't anything to find fault about. "Just wait," said he, "until you get a warm cannon ball in the breast, and then you'll have some reason to complain that war isn't what its cracked up to be." In this battle we knocked the spots off the enemy, and I wrote home telling my people that we did it, although I don't remember firing a single shot, still I may in a moment of enthusiasm [illegible] have done so. My conclusion is that the first time I was under fire I acted in an irrational, irresponsible manner, and not in keeping with the character of a hero. At the second affair I took kindly refuge behind a tree, being at that time an orderly for a general who was one of the best rear guard directors of the whole war. I believe the generosity of this grand military gentleman saved my life. I regard a wide-chested tree as a bulwark of protection in a battle that no man who prizes life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness can ignore. Seriously, my feelings when under fire for the first time were that I had mistaken my trade and preferred clerking in a corner grocery store, or herding cattle, to the glory and fame of a soldier's life. Subsequently I was present in several battles, but I haven't a written expression from the commander-in-chief that I saved the day or died as heroes die. I have never been presented with medals, the dozen or so that I wear when on parade at county fairs and picnics have been purchased of regular dealers in heroic emblazonry. But I desire to say, for the benefit of posterity, that I have had some hair-breadth escapes outside of war as she is fought on the battlefields of nations. In domestic affairs I have met the enemy and "are hern every time." There are such things as being under fire and being fired. I have experienced both and still no one will cover me over with beautiful flowers for what I have suffered. Memorial Day is here and I think it has come to stay. I'm glad to be able to relate my experience in battle for the first time more as a scientific contribution to the petit mal or epilepsy of literature than merely a desire to see my name in public print. As has been said before, "'Tis sweet for one's country to die," but no man who has died in that way has said so. It's the fellow who didn't get killed who saccharinely views death on the battlefield and knows all about dying.



OVER the tents of Halltown camp
The fog was heavy, the morn was damp;
The soldiers sleeping dreamed of home;
When sped a courier, flecked with foam,
To Major Sullivan, brave and true.
Then "boots and saddles" his bugler blew,
And at the call each soldier woke,
Saddled his steed, and the stillness broke
With clanking saber and neighing steed,
For down by the river was terrible need
Of men who could fight and save the day
Which an officer's cowardice threw away.

Quick into line! The battalion was ready.
"By twos from the right," each horseman was steady:
"Forward, march!" and away they sped,
But never a word the Major said,
Over the pike ere the morning sheen
Had reddened the east with luminous gleam;
Past the grand guard, near Charlestown,
Where the rebels hung Osawatomie Brown,
And then toward the river the troopers rode.

Where the silver fog of the morning showed
The Blue Ridge rim that sheltered the gray,
And made for guerrillas an easy prey;
Soldiers in blue who on picket stood,
Down by the copses of willow wood.

The sabers click and the horse hoofs pound,
Till a dead Union soldier by the wayside's found;
Then the Major cries "Halt!" and scouts are deployed,
And darkness with daybreak is quickly alloyed.
Bang! bang! go the carbines, down by the ford,
Some soldier has fallen and drank of death's gourd;
Some mother's heart-broken, some father's sad—
A family will mourn for their volunteer lad.
"Now, lads," cries the Major, "we're in for the fight,
The rebs they are forming beyond on the right;
They're two to our one—we won't show the white feather.
But if God wills it so we'll all die together.
Draw sabers, and charge, every man follow me;
We'll give them the steel, and Mosby shall see
The 'First vets' are true; now in for the fray."
A cheer, and the rebels are flying away!

Driven like snow in a winter gale
Few came back to tell the tale,
And "Jerry" Sullivan, truest and best,
Lay dead by the river, a wound in his breast.

* * * * * *

Men who were young have now grown gray,
Since at Cabletown, that April day,
Sullivan led his troopers down
Past where the rebels hung John Brown,
Down by the river, hard by the ford,
The dauntless soldier drained death's gourd.
Place on his grave some flowers to-day,
Bravest and tenderest, his comrades say.

A Wonderful Spinster of Old.

Spinster Annie Maria von Schurmann was the name of a woman who lived at Utrecht during the sixteenth century. She was so learned a woman that all men of science of that day considered her a marvel. She spoke German, French, English, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew with equal facility, and even understood the Syrian, Chaldaic, Arabic, and Ethiopian tongues. Astronomy, geography, philosophy, and theology were her special hobbies, and she wrote many interesting pamphlets on these subjects. Aside from this she was a painter, sculptor, and engraver of high degree, and played and devised several musical instruments. She was held in high esteem by, and corresponded with, many of the prominent savants of the age, even with Richelieu, Queen Anne of France, Elizabeth of Poland, and Christine of Sweden. She died unmarried at the age of 72.

The Human Body.

The human body contains 150 bones and 500 muscles; the heart beats 70 times a minute, displacing each time 44 grammes of blood. All the blood passes through the heart in three minutes. In a normal condition the lungs contain 5 litres of air. We breathe 1,200 times every hour. There are 13 elements in the body; 5 gaseous and 8 solid. A man weighing 70 kilogrammes represents 44 kilogrammes of oxygen, 7 of hydrogen, 1.72 of azote, [illegible] grammes of chlorine, [illegible] grammes of fluorine, [illegible] kilogrammes of carbon, [illegible] grammes of phosphorus, [illegible] grammes of sulphur, 1,750 grammes of calcium, [illegible] grammes of potassium, [illegible] grammes of iron and precious metals.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

A FAINT IDEA OF ITS FAMOUS SPRINGTIME HOLIDAY.

"First Monday's" Origin and Its Most Distinguished Characteristics.

"First Monday" in Tennessee is the day of the year to the average denizen of the Volunteer State; for on that day every owner of an obstreperous stallion, every enthusiastic breeder of a dulcet-toned jack, every proud possessor of a lordly bull, is expected to be out, with his family and his friends, to show the kind of live stock on which he has pinned his faith And they are all there.

Tennessee was admitted into the Union in 1796, and as far as we have been able to ascertain, this honored day and custom was admitted with her. In fact we believe the State went into our glorious Union upon the express understanding that she was to bring along with her, by the ear, as it were, like a determined mother her recalcitrant son, this time-honored privilege. And to-day she would fight for it quicker than she would for the institution of slavery or any other of the various bonds of matrimony. What, indeed, would life be worth to the horse-loving Tennessean, if deprived of the privilege of showing his pacing stallion, decked in red blankets enough to cover a burning church, and anchored with bridle and rein sufficiently strong to have held the Constitution fleet at sea? Napoleon crossing the Alps with his restless war horse, standing on the beetling cliffs and looking down upon the soon-to-be-conquered plains of Italy, is not so proud and happy a man as is the Tennessean in the big parade around the primitive court house square, holding his mettlesome pacer in check and proudly proclaiming to the gaping crowd around him: "This is a Tom Hal!"

First Monday in Tennessee is founded on a beautiful and simple faith, so old that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. In looking it up among the ancient and dust-covered archives of the state we find it all based upon the state's incomparable and most efficient ground-hog weather department—a department far more ancient and reliable than that of Uncle Sam's, inasmuch as it makes but one prophecy a year, and generally hits it; whereas the bureau at Washington, with all its fuss and feathers, makes one every day, and generally arranges to retire at night with the sin of Annanias tacked to its official skirts. This Tennesee weather bureau is all based on the simple fact that on the second day in February the festive ground-hog emerges from his hole to see if he can cast a shadow. If he can he retires again to remain six long weeks. And there he will remain even if the heavens fall or his mother-in-law pays him a visit; and every man, woman and child in the state accepts the inevitable and prepare to keep on their winter flannels as per order of this absolutey reliable weather bureau chief, for his retiring means there will be six weeks more of stormy weather. Was ever anything more simple and plain and absolutely inexpensive in its red-tape operations? And the beauty of it is, it has never been known to lie—it is truth itself, decked in homespun and a wool hat; it is Washington with a pair of hatchets. We commend it to the department at Washington with its retinue of official asses, predicting rain on the threshold of a Pharoah famine, and preparing us for a "long dry drought" about the time the heavens declare the curtain will now rise upon Noah-and-the-ark act.

On the day in question the pikes are fairly alive with the country cousin and his squealing stud, with Sambo leading his ambling jackass and showing his ivories to every passerby who takes time to honor him by asking: "Say, nigger, whose jack is that?" Every old lady who has a hank of yarn to sell is there, every urchin who can bring a dozen eggs in his hat and trousers is there; every pretty girl who can sport variegated hosiery is there; all are there, from the rich and retired merchant coming from his country home in his carriage and spanking bays, to the old darkey in his cartload of stove wood; from the prosperous farmer, with his wife and happy children, the latter looking a little unnatural in the solemnity that has come over them by reason of the fact that they are "going to town," in his brette drawn by a pair of oily pacers to the poor cropper on his mule—they are all in the procession. The man with his patent; the officer with his papers; that most detested of living men, the back-tax collector; the man who wants to hire; the book agent; the "nigger," with a grin on his face and a game rooster under his arm—they are all there, going to Columbia. On the square all is hustle, stir, squealing, snorting, cackling, flying.

A twenty-foot track is made in the living crowd around the court house square and half a hundred flying pacers are showing their gaits, while the chancellor leaves his bench and the lawyers their cases to look out of the windows. A bell is ringing across the street at a store and proclaims that the ladies of a certain church are giving a lunch to pay off the church debt; an auctioneer is howling away, trying to sell a $10 buggy for $15; a man with a patent blacking, warranted to shine forever, is blacking the boots of all who will come to his stand; a big jack brays in your ear while you are looking at a dog fight under a wagon; an apple wagon, all the way from the "State of Lawrence," is selling the rosy fruit right and left, and as the sun begins to get low and you call for your mare at the stable and ride out of the bustle and confusion, you pass a lot of "horse swappers" in a vacant lot set apart for that ancient class engaged in the horse business, whose chief aim is to keep the equine corpses moving and uphold their own reputation for being "devilish peart in a horse trade." Beyond this, in a grove, the negroes are having a dance, and the leader, inspired by the music of his violin and the muse of inspiration, has rhymed in his calls to music and you laugh as you join up awhile and hear him, keeping time with his feet to the flying bow, sing out in his peculiar chant:

[illegible]
[illegible]
You little bitter feller widout any vest
Dance to the gal in de calico dress,
Get up Jake an' turn your partner,
Shake dem feet as you kno' you 'arter;
You little red nigger with de busted back
Git up an' gin us de 'chicken rack."
All hands round—O, step lite, ladies,
Don't fling yer feet so fur in de shadies;
Come you one-eyed nigger, fling
Dem feet an' gib us de "pigeon wing."

Such is a faint idea of first Monday in Tennessee.—[Clark's Horse Review.

A Great French Prison.

"Mazas Prison, in which the French Panamaters are incarcerated," said P. G. Fouse of Philadelphia, "is one of the meanest and dreariest on the face of the earth. Each cell is about eleven feet long by 6½ wide and less than nine high, and the only light is admitted through a small pane of roughed glass. The prison is cold, and a prisoner needs to wear an overcoat there all the time at this season.

"It was of a cell in Mazas that Victor Hugo, who was one of the first to enjoy the hospitality of this prison, said that 'one's first impression is the darkness, one's second the cold.' Each cell is fitted with a small table, a stool which is chained to the wall, a hammock bed and a small quantity of tin-plate utensils.

"The hours in force at Mazas are as follows: At 7 o'clock the bell rings for prisoners to rise. Half an hour later a warder opens the cell door, by which time the prisoner must have swept his cell, folded up his hammock and be ready for inspection. The warder hands him his loaf of bread and fills his jug with his daily allowance of water. At 8 o'clock his first meal of vegetable soup is served, meat soup being only allowed on Sundays and holidays.

"At 3 o'clock the second and last meal of the day is served to the prisoners. It consists of a gamelle of beans or lentils, meat being given only twice a week. At 8 o'clock the bell warns prisoners to get their cells ready for the night, and at 10 o'clock all lights are put out.

"Each prisoner is allowed to exercise himself for three-quarters of an hour every day in a small yard or passage which lies between high walls with iron grating at either end. During his exercise he is under the constant surveillance of a warder, and can neither see nor communicate with any other being. The rest of the time he spends in his cell, where he may work for the prison contractors or for his own amusement, as he chooses.

"By working all day at stitching copy-books together, making slippers or brushes, he is able to earn about four pence, which he can spend with the cantiniere for vin ordinaire, coffee, garlic or tobacco. Prisoners who can afford may order meals from a restaurant, but these are limited in quantity to one plate of soup, a plate of meat and vegetables and one dessert."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Camphor.

The camphor tree, according to the United States consular report from Osaka, Japan, is a tree of the laurel family growing in southern Japan, the wood of which is valuable in ship-building. It grows in mountainous regions far from the sea. It is a well-proportioned, handsome evergreen, its elliptical, slightly dentate leaf turning a lighter color for one or two months in the spring. The berries grow in bunches. The tree is cut down for the collection of the camphor, but the law requires that it be replaced by another. It is then cut up into chips and steamed. The camphor and oil extracted by the steaming are passed through a connecting tube into a second receiver, and thence to a third, which is divided into two compartments, one above the other. These compartments are separated by a perforated partition, which gives passage to the water and the oil, while the camphor is deposited on a layer of straw provided for it. It is then separated from the straw and prepared for sale. The oil which is drawn out from the lower compartment is used for illumination.

The Champion Sportsman.

Delhi has been visited occasionally by famous sportsmen, but not one of them has as yet made such a good bag as the native shikari Moestafar. The day before yesterday he met a female elephant with a young one. He shot the mother and then caught the calf elephant and tried to fasten it to a tree. Whilst doing this it commenced to "trumpet" so loudly that two large elephants appeared on the scene, coming to the rescue. Moestafar, however, would not let go his prey, and after shooting both elephants proceeded to Loeboeg Pakam, with the young one, where it is at present. The following morning he went back to see the dead bodies and had the good luck to find two tigers on the spot, both of which he shot. Within two days he therefore managed to kill three elephants and two tigers. This man has altogether shot six tigers within a short period. This happened near the thirty-second mile stone on the road to Perbaenegan.—[Delhi (India) Courant.

Saved By a Spider.

One day a Union soldier was fleeing for his life from Confederate sharpshooters, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. At last he saw a hollow log, and needing rest crept into it, feet foremost. His face was but a few feet from the open end. Shortly after he got into the log a large spider came and spun his web over the open log as much as to say, "I will save you." He spun his web round and round, backward and forward, until a network was made. Then the spider disappeared.

A short time after the spider had left the log, along came the Confederates. They stopped close to the log where the poor soldier lay nearly frightened to death. He heard them say there is no one in there, and they passed on. The soldier stayed in his log until next morning, when he made his escape back to his fellow soldiers, and told them of the good spider that saved him from the hands of the enemy.

An albino deer, it is claimed, was recently killed near Weldon, N. C.

Last year our railroads carried [illegible] people.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Beat carpets on the wrong side first.

Rub whitewash spots with strong vinegar.

Rub your hands with salt and lemon juice to remove stains.

Rub soft grease over tar and then wash in warm soda water.

The tiny red ant is one of the worst of all household pests, and its extermination is exceedingly difficult if not impossible. Pouring kerosene oil into the cracks which they infest will drive them away for awhile, but they will soon return. They may be kept out of sugar buckets by making a broad chalk mark around them about half way up. The insects cannot crawl over the chalk. It is a good thing to put a saucer of grease by the place where they seem to come from. They will swarm to it, and the grease will hold them. When the saucer is well covered scrape the contents into the fire. Those ants at least will not return to make trouble. This operation, repeated every day, will lessen the amount of the plagues, although even this will not exterminate them.

Will Good Roads Pay?

Mr. Stephen Favill, of Madison, Wis., in an article on highways, says: "But the question of whether or not it will pay to build and care for our country roads is fortunately not all theory. But the practical demonstration has been worked out. England, France, Germany, and many other of the European countries have solved this problem to their entire satisfaction, and some parts of our own country have tried this matter far enough to prove that as a business venture it is one of the very best for the farmers. There has been no general taking hold of this matter in this country as in European countries, but some of the States have laws allowing counties to bond and borrow money to build roads. My time will allow me to give only one or two of the many good results that have come from good roads. In Union County, N. J., the road improvement fever got hold of the people, and they expended $350,000 in macadamizing their roads, and the testimony of those best qualified to know is that the increased valuation of their lands would more than six times pay the cost. Just one case of a man owning 123 acres that he valued at $65 an acre and could not find a buyer at that, had, since the advent of good roads, refused $200 an acre for the whole tract. I do not claim that all land would be advanced in price at that rate, but I am confident that the increase in the value of our farming lands that would follow the advent of good roads in our State would very much more than pay all the cost of building them, to say nothing of the convenience and luxury of having a road that could be used at any season of the year."

A Cuban Mattress.

A woman who has been traveling in the far South has a curious tale to tell of her experiences in Havana.

"The best hotel there," she says, "is a very poor one to an American. When we arrived we found that the only room with a mattress on the bed was being reserved for some members of the Havemeyer family. As they had not arrived, however, the proprieter consented that I should occupy it. The much-vaunted mattress was a poor one of excelsior, and one that I would have scoffed at at home. In Havana one may not be too particular, as will be seen.

"My first night on the mattress was disturbed by an occasional movement beneath me which I could not understand, and which a cursory investigation did not reveal. In the morning, however, I searched more thoroughly and found a slit in the mattress, and on exploring a little deeper a lively rat mother with a nest of young ones.

"Horrified, I called the maid, and pointing to the bed indicated my discovery.

"'Yes,' she said, unmoved, 'it is ze rat.'

"'I should think so,' said I, 'but what will you do?'

"'Oh,' answered the stolid Cuban, 'I will sew them in again!'"—[New York Times.

Aigrettes as Ornaments.

The aigrette is a tuft of graceful thin feathers taken from a kind of heron called egret; and not only are these poor birds killed expressly to furnish ornaments for ladies' bonnets and hair, but they are killed at the time when they ought especially to be protected—namely, during the breeding season. They build their nests close together, and the feather-hunters look for these breeding-places. The best time to attack them is when the young birds are fully fledged but not yet able to fly; for at that time the solicitude of the parent birds is greatest, and, forgetful of their own danger, they are most readily made victims. They hover in a crowd over the heads of their despoilers, their boldness making it as easy as possible to shoot them down; and when the slaughter is finished and the few handfuls of coveted feathers plucked out, the poor birds are left in a heap to fester in the sun in sight of their orphaned young, that cry for food and are not fed.—[Animal World.

Patron Saint of Upholsterers.

It may not be generally known, even to biblical students, that St. Paul is accounted the patron saint of upholsterers. Such is the fact in England. His credentials are probably supplied by Acts 18:3: "He came into Aquila and Priscilla at Corinth, and because he was of the same craft, he abode with them and wrought, for by their occupation they were tentmakers." The festival of the apostle of the Gentiles occurs on January 25, and it is professionally commemorated by the upholsterers of England, who hold a banquet in the evening, and after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts have been duly honored the craft drink to the memory of St. Paul.—[Chicago Herald.

The annual production of harness and saddlery in Cincinnati is estimated at [illegible].